

INDIANA STATE SENTINEL.
THE OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE STATE—
525 Main Street, North of Washington

By CHAPMANS & SPANN.

The State Sentinel will contain a much larger amount of reading matter, on all subjects of general interest, than any other newspaper in Indiana.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY EDITION

Is published every Wednesday and Saturday, and during the session of the Legislature, three times a week, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at Four Dollars a copy, payable always in advance.

THE WEEKLY EDITION

Is published every Thursday, at Two Dollars a year, always to be paid in advance.

\$1 in advance will pay for six months.

\$1 will pay for three copies one year.

* Persons sending \$10 in advance, free of postage, shall have three copies of the Semi-Weekly one year, \$2 will pay for six months, \$1 will always be charged for the Tri-Weekly, and 50 cents for the Weekly, during the Legislative sessions.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted three times at our dollar a square of 5 lines, and be continued at the rate of 25 cents a square for each additional insertion. Quarterly advertisements, per square, \$3.

All advertisements from abroad must be accompanied by the cash; or no attention will be paid to them.

Postage must be paid.

Love in the Bowery.

By A. R. BOY.

"The cause of time-hope never can sm other"—Shakspeare—*Bowery addition.*

I seen her on the sidewalk,

When I run with number 9;

My eyes spontaneous sought her bosom—

And her hand was fixed on mine.

She waved her pretty bonkerchief,

As if she were to be—

No, that she was killed in York,

Was that I had done it?

And what had won her smile?

They stand embroidered brace,

And that her name'd me.

I sighted out at Wauxhill,

Where that happy—was—she—

Oh! that happy, happy evenin'!

I breath'd at set,

I giv her cords of peaseans,

And a apple and a wort—

Oh! that happy, happy evenin'

I recollect it yet.

I took her up the lamp-post,

To see how weasies a swell—

And the way we had fine us,

Went twelve miles ofwe he fell,

And though we struck the pavement,

The "ah" begin to fail,

I gat another mile out,

By twisting of my toe—

I took her up the stairs—

She sat down and me—

Then set out a piece they call'd

"The Way of the Sea."

And when the sunset was fechion'd on,

Eliza cried "Joy! Joy!"

And like so many mice there,

Fame houses stopped away.

But bless me! if she didn't slip

Down the stairs—

A peice from Connecticut,

He carried her away,

And when the news was brought to me,

I fell aliby blue;

And though I didn't feel a tear

Perhaps I flesed a few."

Well, let it go! the other's gal,

As I am to see her lonely child,

Has cast sleep's eye at me,

I wears on cap upon my hat,

Only takes an extra horn,

Observing "Let her west?"

The Drawing of Six Hundred Slaves.
In the year 1812, there was hovering on the African coast a large clipper-ship called the *Brigandine*, commanded by a despot named Homans. Homans was an Englishman by birth, and was known along the whole coast in Cuba, as the most successful slave-trader of his day. The brig was owned by two men residing in Havana, one an Englishman, the other a Spaniard. This was built to carry six hundred negroes, and had made ten successful voyages, actually landing in Africa five thousand negroes. The long-armed negroes, had thirty sweeps and a crew of sixty Spaniards, the most of them old pirates, as desperate as their commander. An English brig of war which attacked her was so cut up in hull and rigging, that she was abandoned and soon after sunk; an English ship of war attempted to carry the *Brigandine* with boats, which were beaten off with great slaughter. Now it was known that Homans was again on the coast, and it was resolved to make another attempt to take him with the evidence of his guilt on board. The arrangements for this purpose were well made. He was induced to take in his cargo of negroes and set sail.

The *Brigandine* had not lost sight of the coast when the quick eye of her commander discovered that he was entrapped. Four cruisers, three of the English and one American, had been lying in wait for him, and escape was hopeless. In running away from one, he would come within the reach of another. Night was coming on, and Homans was silently regarding his prisoners, when suddenly the long sails of the long-armed lay—the wind died away, and the slaves were motionless on the waters. "This will not do," Homans muttered, knocking away the ashes from his cigar—"their boats will be down upon me before I am ready for the visit," and as he said this, his stern face lit up with a smile, the expression of which was dismal. It was evident enough that he meditated some desperate plan.

A dozen sweeps were got out, and the vessel moved slowly through the water. Meantime, the darkness having deepened, Homans proceeded to carry out his design.

The cables attached to the heaviest anchor were taken outside of the hawse-hole, and carried round the rail of the brig, extending from the bow, aft round the stern, and then forward on the other side. The hawsers were then taken off, and the negroes passed up, each securely bound by the wrists. As the miserable wretches came up from the hot hold, into the fresh air, they expressed by their looks a gratitude which would have softened the heart of any but the dead in whose power they were. Without a word they were led to the side, and made to bend over the rail, outside of which the chain ran. The irons which clamped their wrists were then fastened by smaller chains to the links of the cable. It was slow work, but at the end of four hours, six hundred Africans, male and female, were bending over the rail of the brig, in a painful position, holding by their chained hands the huge cable, which was attached to a heavy anchor, suspended by a single sling from the bow.

Homans himself examined the fastenings to see that every negro was strongly bound to the chain. This done, he ordered the pen work of the hold to be broken up, brought on deck, bound up in matting, and well filled with shot, and thrown overboard. The work was completed an hour before day, and now the only witness of Homans's guilt were attached to that fatal chain. Homans turned to his mate, and with a smile full of meaning, said, in Spanish—

"Hark! take an axe and go forward. The wind will come off to the sun. Listen for the word, and when you hear it, cut the sling."

The man went forward, and Homans turned and in vain endeavored to penetrate the darkness. "I don't want to lose the niggers," he said speaking aloud—"and yet I dare not wait until daylight. I wish I knew where the hounds were."

At that instant the report of a gun reached his ear, then another, and another, and another in different directions. The cruisers were firing signals.

"That's enough," exclaimed Homans—"I know where you are." Then raising his voice he cried, "Hark! are you ready? I the wind will reach us soon."

"Ay, ay, sir," was the response.

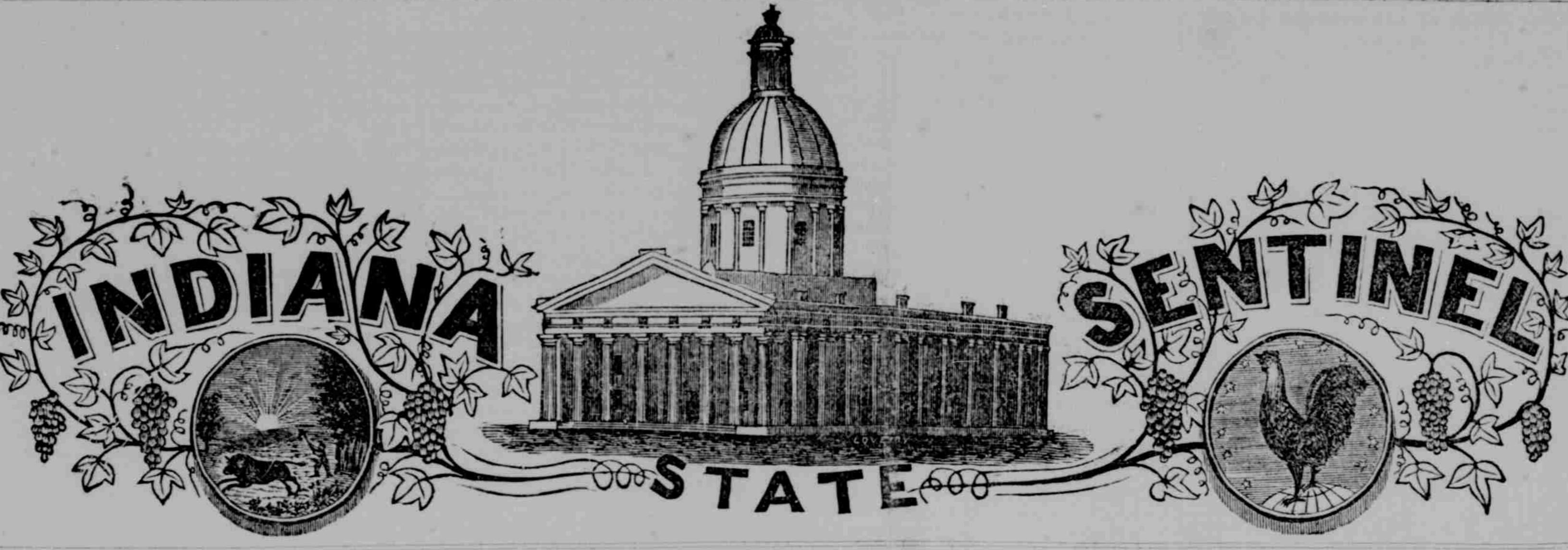
In a few minutes the sails began to fill, and the vessel moved slowly through the water.

"How much water do you suppose we have here?"

asked Homans, turning to the man at the wheel.

"Fifty fathoms at least," was the reply.

"That will do," the slaver muttered, and he walked forward, and examined carefully the "chain-gang" as he brutally termed his diabolical invention.



Indianapolis, October 2, 1847.]

SEMI-WEEKLY.

[Volume III Number 36.

NEW GOODS.

THE undersigned has just received a large and general assort-

ment of

Dry Goods.

which will be sold wholesale and retail, at the most reasonable

prices. We have in stock the articles of all persons espe-

cially Indians or examin'd by us, which consists in part of the

following articles:

Blue cloth, flannel, and fancy print, and striped Calicoes;

Black cloth, flannel, and fancy print, and striped Cambric;

Black, grey, green, steel mixed and fancy fabrics;

Green, velvet, and silk velvets, also pointed Flannel;

Novelty, cotton, and silk calicos, also pointed Flannel;

Oregon, McGregor, and Fife for 14 days;

New and beautiful style plates, and various Alpaca,

Gloves, stockings, French, Scotch, oil, leather and American

Gloves, Kid gloves, Linens and Cambric;

Also, plain and fancy calicos;

Also, black Alpaca Bonnets;

French kid gloves, and various styles of hats;

Also, white and black Alpaca Bonnets;

French kid gloves, and various styles of hats;

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